



Gretchen and a Hero.

ONE never hears of heroes nowadays. It was little Gretchen who spoke—sitting beside the fire, reading a new book for her great doll, Lily. "One reads of heroes in the past, but in the present—oh, no! And what shall we do for heroes in the future, if there are none in the present?" She said this with a sigh.

"Oh, there are heroes—if only people recognized them," said young Harry, Gretchen's cousin, who was paying the family a visit. "Now, I know just lots of boys who are really and truly heroes. But the world wants them to do something unusual—venture into danger of some kind—be-

known," said Gretchen, resuming her work, "are usually very tall and dark. They look very strong and—and—unusual, I suppose one would call it." Harry's time came to laugh now. He roared; then subsided and said: "You seem to forget that our Uncle Frederick is an actor, and that he always plays hero-parts, because he is tall and dark and unusual-looking, and that he's the greatest coward that's running at large. Didn't he faint when a bear came towards him once?—that time he was out West in the mountains. He gets scared at a shadow,—but he plays the hero every night on the stage."

"Yes, I'd forget about Uncle Fred-



He dropped the coal to the floor and ran to Gretchen.

fore it recognizes their worth. Why, there's Fred Kinney, my chum, who's a hero, if a hero ever lived."

"But what did Fred Kinney ever do?" asked Gretchen, threading her needle. "I know he's a nice boy. Mamma says he's a perfect gentleman. But gentlemen aren't always heroes, you know. Fred never saved one's life—or saved a building from destruction by fire, or saved a city from destruction by a flood! He's just a nice, good, handsome boy—no better than you are, Harry."

Harry's face turned a bit red at this last remark of his little cousin's. "I didn't say he was better than I am," he spoke out boldly. "But who knows whether I might not become a hero—if something just happened to let me try!"

Gretchen dropped her sewing, and looked at her cousin, laughing aloud. "Why, Harry," she said, "not trying to hide her amusement, 'you'd never, never be a hero. Why, heroes don't look like you, you know. Now, you have light curly hair and your eyes are blue as mine, and Mamma says your complexion is lovely enough to be the envy of any girl."

"And will you tell me if there is any special set of looks goes with a hero?" asked Harry, a bit out of sorts. "Well, the heroes on the stage, you

erick," said Gretchen. "But the fire's getting low. Won't you bring in a scuttle of coal, Harry? Mamma said we should not let the fire get too low, and Cook is out for the afternoon. So we must look after the house while she's away. Mamma just ran across the street to see Mrs. Landas, you know."

"Sure, I'll fix the fire," said Harry. And he went to the basement after a scuttle of coal. Gretchen got up to stir down the cinders, preparing the bed of coals for the new supply of fuel Harry would pour into the grate. As she did so, the little doll-frock fell upon the edge of the grate and caught in a blaze. In her eagerness to save the pretty frock, Gretchen dragged it from the grate with the poker. The burning thing fell to the floor just at her feet. In another instant the flame had caught hold of Gretchen's thin muslin apron, and was running up towards her face.

Gretchen became frantic from fear, and ran screaming into the hall just as Harry, load in hand, came up from the basement. He took in the situation at a glance, dropped the coal to the floor and ran to Gretchen, seizing hold of her and forcibly throwing her to the floor. Hardly had he succeeded in getting his screaming and fighting cousin down when he jerked

Children Who Are Successful.

SO often parents who are poor in the world's goods have cause to feel happy over the attitude their children take towards the humble home. "Oh, I wish we were rich like the Smiths," a boy or girl will say—or rather whine, for complaining children always "whine" about their lot in life. And the poor father will go from home to his place of business with a heavy heart, and the mother will go about her household duties with a feeling of heaviness in her breast, and wonder if, after all, her loving solicitude for her children is understood by them.

The fact is, too many boys and girls of today attach all importance to money. They think more about it—and what it procures—than they think of their parents, home and future. Few poor children are half-way contented with their lot. This is very sad indeed. There is nothing in the

world so sweet and so helpful as the Contented Mind and the Ever-Cheerful Disposition. If a boy or a girl finds love and sweet contentment at home all sufficient, he or she will succeed in his or her chosen walk of life. Why envy the rich child? It is the boy who struggles to gain the top that wins in the end, and wins through sheer force of his fine personality and determination. The child of the rich parents has nothing to struggle for, and rarely becomes more than a wild money-spender, regardless of the manner of his rearing. Is it not a fact noted every day that most capable fathers, who had to pave their own way in life, handicapped by poverty, have worthless sons and daughters, mere society money-spenders?

But the right kind of boy, and the right kind of girl, will help to make the poor home richer by their pres-

ence in it. They will pursue their studies diligently, knowing that it is hard for Father to earn the money necessary for their education, and just as hard for Mother to keep their clothes and their home presentable. When each member of a household tries to "help along" things will be sure to "turn out right."

When boys and girls are discontented with their home because it is poor, let them turn to the biographical libraries and read of men and women who have attained high and honorable places in literature, art, science, statesmanship, business, and the professions, and for the most part they will find they were the children of poor but honest parents, coming from real obscurity. Money cannot develop the child, except just as much of it as is necessary to defray the expenses of his simple living and his education.

Limerick.



HERE was a Big Doll in a swing: She was a Chinese, named Lou Sing: And she sat and she sat, In her cloak and her hat, Which were made by a man named Poo Ping.

me for being a silly, silly thing." "All is well that ends well," smiled Harry. "But I'd advise your running upstairs quickly and changing your clothes before Auntie comes in, for otherwise you'll give her a shock. And there's no good doing that, as I can see."

"You are a hero, Harry," cried Gretchen, as she hurriedly ran from the room. "You are big enough not to want Mamma to know of your heroism. You're willing to hide your own light, just to save Mamma a shock. Say, Harry, you are the Genuine Article. And I shall tell Everybody, I shall!"

And Gretchen disappeared in her own room as the hall door opened to admit her mother. And Harry, picking up the coal from the floor, said in a merry way: "I split the coal, Auntie. Send me if you want to, for I deserve it. See, I soiled your rug. Dreadful old clumsy, I am."

School Boy's Soliloquy.



SWIMMING in the river On a summer day May be fun for some kids, But the fun, I say, Is skating on the river When the ice is there. And the ice is nipping, With snow everywhere. "Some may like warm weather, (I do when it's here!) But the winter is the best— Just this time of the year. "Oh, such fun to snow-ball At recess, you know! And to go skating A little after four. "Then it's home to supper: My goodness, but it's great! House so warm, and food so hot— Well, well, I should relate!"

WOOD NYMPHS. A TWO-ACT PLAYLET FOR CHILDREN

SCENE—Stretch of woodland, with mountains in distance. Little running brook and waterfall in foreground. Rocks conveniently near. Three wood nymphs seated on rocks, one arranging her hair over mirrored-water. Thistledown (one of the nymphs). I think the world gets me, and more beautiful every day, my sweet comrades. Just look at the foliage since our dear friend, Lord of the Winter, has been here! Daisy (another of the nymphs). Yes, and to think of people living inside of houses and sleeping in beds. Ha! ha! ha! Isn't it absurd? Songbird (The third nymph). It is not funny, my dear Daisy. It is sad. But—what sound was that? It sound-



If the above pictured words are rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the name of a creeping thing.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

SYNOPSIS: 1. Singing. 2. Sorrows. 3. Shoot-soot. 4. Preach-perch.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE: Holiday. Cross words: 1. Halt. 2. Boar. 3. Pill. 4. Lot. 5. Ride. 6. Lane. 7. Yule.

WORD SQUARE: STAR. TALE. ALMA. READ.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC: Tuala. Pictured words: 1. Time. 2. Washing. 3. Artist. 4. Indian. 5. Novel.

ed like the approach of a lion or a tiger or some other enemy. Thistledown and Daisy (speaking together). It did sound like the approach of an enemy. Let's hide—somewhere—quickly! (The two ran behind a tree. Songbird crouches behind some rocks. A tall boy, dressed in the garb of a hunter, with gun over shoulder, saunters upon the stage from the right. He whistles as he draws near to the rocks behind which the nymphs are hiding.) Hunter. Whew! I smell the blood of a—a—well, not of an Englishman; but of some foreign creature. Mayhap I shall wing a fairy or a nymph. This is called the Enchanted Wood, where love and kindness rule. The little birds in the trees are our friends, and sing to us all day long. (Falls weeping to the ground, her arm about Thistledown's shoulders.) Hunter. A hunter must be brave and fearless. He must never hear the cry of his victim. He must never see his bleeding wounds, nor understand the agony of his sufferings at his hands. It is his work to entrap and to kill. So, if you would not meet the last-named fate, arise and come with me. (Seizes them both roughly by the arms and leads them off the stage at the right.) Thistledown and Daisy (moaning as they disappear). And this is the hunter's desire—to rob creatures of liberty, happiness and life! (As they disappear through side wings of stage, Songbird, leading two male nymphs, reappears at left of stage.) Songbird. Ah, we are too late, my friends. They have been taken into place and peeping over towards the two companions and the hunter.) I'll creep away and bring assistance. The woods are full of nymphs today.

Daisy. Yes, you of the hard, cruel world, please spare us. We shall surely die if we attempt to go to your home. It is the Law of Nature that nymphs shall never enter a human being's house. It would surely be the end of them. Even your touch has caused us to lose all our strength, and to fall helpless to the ground. Please, hunter, whose aim in life is to kill and to entrap, have mercy on us poor nymphs! (Pleading attitude.) Songbird (Rising from her hiding place and peeping over towards the two companions and the hunter.) I'll creep away and bring assistance. The woods are full of nymphs today. These are the Strong and the Mighty—wood nymphs who have reached ages of

wisdom and strength. I shall go fetch them to save my sisters. (Exits softly at left wing.) Hunter (stepping and laying a hand upon Thistledown, who shrinks away). Come, my pretty one, and don't cause me to use more strenuous methods. (Lifts his gun). This thing can not only hurt—it can—Daisy. It can take innocent life, Hunter! Ah, we know the power of your weapon. It is cruel, for it kills where it should show love and mercy. Hunter. I have no time to parley. Come quickly. We must get away from here before the hunter comes to chase me away. He threatened me awhile ago, should I enter the Enchanted Wood, saying that if creatures reckoning here did not subject me to some punishment, he would come and catch me like a rat in a trap.

Thistledown. Just as you are trying to catch us now, Hunter. Hunter. But you are not rats, my dear. You are two beautiful and rare nymphs, creatures men read about in fairy books, but whom they have never seen. I shall have the honor and rare privilege of showing to the world the first wood nymphs ever seen by mortal man. Believe me, I shall get a fortune out of you. Daisy. Woe is me! Woe is my sister! Ah, why make us unhappy—why kill us, to make a fortune for yourself? We do no harm to any living thing. We live in the Enchanted Wood, where love and kindness rule. The little birds in the trees are our friends, and sing to us all day long. (Falls weeping to the ground, her arm about Thistledown's shoulders.) Hunter. A hunter must be brave and fearless. He must never hear the cry of his victim. He must never see his bleeding wounds, nor understand the agony of his sufferings at his hands. It is his work to entrap and to kill. So, if you would not meet the last-named fate, arise and come with me. (Seizes them both roughly by the arms and leads them off the stage at the right.) Thistledown and Daisy (moaning as they disappear). And this is the hunter's desire—to rob creatures of liberty, happiness and life! (As they disappear through side wings of stage, Songbird, leading two male nymphs, reappears at left of stage.) Songbird. Ah, we are too late, my friends. They have been taken into place and peeping over towards the two companions and the hunter.) I'll creep away and bring assistance. The woods are full of nymphs today. These are the Strong and the Mighty—wood nymphs who have reached ages of

in making the attempt to do so. Which way do you think they went? Second Male Nymph. Yes, we will pursue them even into the Danger Land—the land where ordinary people live, and a place always feared by our own Nature-Creatures. Which way shall we go, Songbird? (Noise is heard just back of some trees at right. Suddenly an aged hermit appears beside the rocks.) Hermit. My friends of the Enchanted Wood, have you come to some grief? Sadness sits upon your brow, and your manner is that of persons in despair. First Male Nymph. Ah, good Fa-



"I'll creep away and bring assistance. The woods are full of nymphs today."

And—have I been asleep? Where—where are the two nymphs that I captured in the Enchanted Wood? Did not I bring them here? (Rubs his eyes and gets half out of bed.) Woman. Well, Son, you have certainly had a strange dream. Nymphs! Absurd! Whoever heard of the Enchanted Wood and of the Nymphs? You are still asleep, Son. Come, dash the sleep from your mind as well as from your eyes. Hunter. But, Mother, haven't I really brought two pretty little nymphs home? Haven't I been hunting—in the Enchanted Wood? Woman. I tell you, Son, you've been dreaming some strange fanciful happening. Come, your breakfast will be cold, and Papa will lose patience waiting for us. Come, jump into your bath and wake up. I'll run down

A Glimpse Into the Life of Thomas Hood, Poet



Christmas holidays. How long he remained at Dundee, or with whom he visited (no doubt with uncles and aunts) is not known. Some letters



Thomas Hood, Poet.

of his, written from Dundee during that visit, are interesting, and give one a peep into the character of the boy. One is given here. (The date is "September, 1815.")

"I take the pen for the double purpose to amuse both you and myself by description of whatever attracts my notice. I am principally diverted here with the singular characters that come to lodge here in succession. When I first came we had a kind of itinerant minister, who loved his bottle! Since then we have been enlivened by a French captain who possesses in an eminent degree the civility and politeness peculiar to that nation; and I have been amused with a pedantic schoolmaster from Perth, who went up to London during vacation to improve his English, and said he was 'very sure he would be taken for a Scot.'" "The study of character (I mean amusing ones) I enjoy exceedingly, and have an ample field for speculation, for independent of originality of character, their ideas are also frequently of the same stamp, as in the case of my hostess, who thinks that fresh beef will keep better than that which is salted—but you will think this notion took its rise in economy and not in originality of idea."

After a long illness, Thomas Hood died on May 23, 1845. He left behind him a wife and two children, a son and a daughter. He had always been a loving, tender husband and father, and his dear ones never fully recovered from their loss, his wife following him eighteen months later.

SOME FACTS WORTH KNOWING. SUNSHINE is one of the greatest of health givers, so allow plenty of it to enter all the rooms of the home.

A tablespoonful of castor oil applied to the roots of an asparagus fern or palm will arrest its dying condition and cause it to put forth an almost magical growth.

stair and get your breakfast on the table. Don't be five minutes. Do you hear me? (Pats Hunter on head. Then kisses his cheek and leaves the room. Hunter gets out of bed slowly and comically, making very faces, and rubbing his bare feet and his nose. Scratches head in sort of dream-fashion.)

Hunter. And I really did think the thing was true. Geel! I'm glad I waked up. Wasn't I a cruel monster, though, to want to steal away two dear little nymphs? And Mamma says it's absurd—Enchanted Wood and Nymphs! Well, I hope they are absurd, and then no hunter will ever

succeed in doing what I dreamed I was doing. But—(Sniffs the air. Runs to door and puts his head on, and sniffs loudly.) Ham and eggs and hot muffins for breakfast—unless my nose is dreaming. And I don't believe it is a dream, for the smell is too plain. (Pauses and stands in middle of floor.) Say, you fool! (Shakes himself rudely.) You smelt that very ham and those very muffins when you thought you smelt the blood of an—no, not an Englishman, but of some foreign creature. That was it. Geel! What a dunder I am, anyway. Come, get into your duds—without a bath this time, and down to those muffins and that ham, or by the powers of hunger, you'll go to school an empty duncel! (Jumps behind screen and gathers up clothes as curtain falls.)

ACT II. Scene—Bed room in ordinary home. Hunter seen lying in bed, his arms thrown outside the cover. He is in a white night gown. As he sleeps, he mutters and frowns and tosses

about wildly. Enter from a door at right, a tall girl dressed like a woman. She approaches bed and lays a gentle hand on sleeping boy. (Boy half rises and rubs his eyes, crying out.) Woman. Come, Son, you have overslept this morning. It is almost school time. Breakfast is ready. Papa is at the table. Come, wake up! How strangely you look, Son.

Hunter. (Who is now an ordinary boy.) Why, Mother, is it you?

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